

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Inc. 15 to 17
51 FIVE FIVE, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 41 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 41 Park Row.
Entered as Second-Class Matter
October 3, 1878, at New York, New York, under
Post Office No. 100,000, for mailing at
Special Rate of Postage provided for
Newspapers by Act of Congress, October
3, 1911, authorized on July 16, 1915.
One Year, \$10.00; Six Months, \$5.00; Three Months, \$2.50.
Single Copies, 10 Cents.
VOLUME 50, NO. 19,797

STATE WIDE COMMON SENSE.

THE State has rolled up the proffered Constitution and dropped it in the relic drawer.

The whole device, overdrawn document is set aside by a vote which proves that common-sense thinking on the subject has indeed been State wide.

There existed no reason whatever why the Commonwealth should be cramped for twenty years to come by an instrument of organic law which was neither popular nor progressive, which represented only the dickering and bargaining of special interests and party ambitions. In less than three years' time a new revision of the Constitution can be before the electorate. Every mistake of the recent convention can now be turned to profit in framing an instrument worthy of the Empire State and intelligible to every voter therein.

To this city the result of yesterday's vote is especially gratifying because it opens the way for a Constitution in which the principle of home rule for the City of New York may claim full recognition.

Constitution making is no offhand job to be delegated to a lot of tinkers left to their own devices. That lesson has been learned. The next convention is going to be watched, and watched carefully.

The State has proved it can size up a bad Constitution. There is every reason to believe it will know a good one when it sees it.

Tammany picked its candidate shrewdly. It is enjoying the reward of those who reflect: Though we can't be good, let's be careful.

NOT SETBACK BUT SPUR.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE in this State fought a great fight and a fair fight. It brought to the polls a vote the size of which must impress both its friends and its foes, but most of all the indifferent and those who have belittled its strength.

All that it accomplished, it accomplished by clean, open methods which should prove an example and an inspiration in any community, however hardened to the ways and means of practical politics.

The Woman Suffrage amendment was defeated. But if anything is sure it is that the Suffragists will raise their banners as bravely and buoyantly as ever and press on to the next test.

Already they have shown Eastern States what big things can be done—without the help of party machinery, and against old and formidable party organizations—by earnest, unwavering devotion to a principle.

If, as everybody seems to agree, it was a notably orderly and cheerful election, the reason is not far to seek. The women did it. Even their limited presence as watchers at the polls produced an atmosphere of consideration, politeness and good feeling which gave a new touch to the business of voting. Smiles and good manners proved an exceedingly pleasant addition to the surroundings of the ballot box. Suffrage has lost for the moment. But what the women did for yesterday's election in this city is no mean argument for the cause.

A FIRST RATE START.

D. R. EMERSON, new head of the Health Department, attacks his job with commendable directness and energy.

Before leaving his desk at the close of his first day in office the Acting Health Commissioner notified the street railway companies that he means rigidly to enforce the order against filling street cars beyond one and a half times their seating capacity; arranged a conference with owners and officers of factories along the Jersey side of the Hudson as a first step toward abating the smoke and fumes that poison upper Manhattan, and laid out a programme for maintaining sanitary standards in the city's public and private food markets.

All this has immediate, practical bearing upon public health and comfort, and is exactly the sort of activity that New York expects of its Health Department. In a few weeks last winter former Health Commissioner Goldwater did more to relieve the intolerable overcrowding of surface cars than the Public Service Commission had even thought of doing in the eight years of its existence.

If Dr. Emerson is the kind of worker he seems to be he has only to keep it up and he will find an overwhelming majority of his fellow citizens solidly behind him.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

People who feel like kicking themselves rarely give vent to their feelings.

One reason why a rolling stone gathers no moss is that the gathering of it would take time and when gathered it would impede the rolling.—Deseret News.

It is in the movies that actions speak louder than words.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Sometimes a man may attract attention by setting a house on fire and at the same time fail to secure any good opinion.—Nashville Banner.

Some people who boast of family trees wouldn't have any more sense than to saw off the limb they happened to be sitting on.—Toledo Blade.

If a man is smart he ought to be the first to find it out, then say nothing about it.

Psychology is the science of explaining why the time between weekly paydays seems longer than the period from one monthly gas bill to the next.—Toledo Blade.

Letters From the People

Now for Noiseless Motor-Horn:
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Some time ago your paper furnished its readers with some very interesting as well as enlightening reading on the subject of dogs of rare breeds, among them the famous Banana Hound. As some of the daily papers have recently and very seriously taken up the question of automobile horns and their nerve-racking noises, with a view of doing away with the nuisance, I would suggest a noiseless horn, instead of the screaming, snoring, whistling, wheezing things now in use. The field affords, at least, splendid opportunities for the imaginative brain and should bring forth many valuable ideas.

EXPERT MECHANIC.

Are Autos Lightning Proof?

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I have been told that an automobile is the safest refuge in a thunderstorm, in spite of the automobile being made largely of metal and in spite of its unprotected as it moves along the highway with metals exposed to attract lightning. I am told that persons in an automobile are absolutely safe from lightning stroke, because the rubber tires prevent the lightning from damaging the car or its occupants. This sounds foolish to me. I wish some scientific reader would deny or confirm the statement, briefly giving reasons for the reply. I have also heard that no tin-roofed house has ever been injured by lightning. I should also like to know if this is true.

SKEPTICUS.

Woman's Work for 1916

By J. H. Cassel



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1915, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

WHEN Mr. Jarr returned home his wife shrieked at the sight of him. She thought it was not his corporeal presence, but an apparition, a wraith, presaging that Mr. Jarr had met with sudden destruction and his disembodied spirit had hastened to warn her that death had parted him—and her—from the payroll of James Smith & Co. forever.

Mr. Jarr had not been out of the house over fifteen minutes. He had gone out free and independent and under no duress to return. She had seen him enter Gus's man-trap on the corner and she knew that Mr. Jarr knew that company was expected that he did not like. But here he was at home. She pinched him to see if it was indeed friend husband in the flesh, and then pinched herself to see whether she dreamed or not.

"Oh, you needn't make such a fuss about it," grumbled Mr. Jarr. "I just stepped out for a little fresh air. I was coming back. The way you act people would think I was a regular bar fly and third-rail scrobbler. I did drop into Gus's to look at the clock, but I didn't even take a glass of beer." And this was true.

"Well, wonders will never cease," said Mrs. Jarr. "But I would like to know how they got you out of the place inside of ten minutes without using violence."

"Aw, I wasn't going to stay," grumbled Mr. Jarr. "But, by jimminy, if a man isn't safe in a saloon from amateur photo-playwrights, why, what protection to the home is a saloon?"

Mrs. Jarr did not understand the remark. She was not paying much attention, for she heard the electric bell ring from the push button in the letter box from the hall below.

"It's Maude Hoker and her husband!" cried Mrs. Jarr.

Mrs. Jarr rushed forward and kissed the bride. As a good wife and mother, Mrs. Jarr tried to keep in with influential people on the social side.

"Did you bring your photoplay for Mr. Jarr to look at?" Mrs. Jarr inquired of the pallid bridegroom.

Mrs. Hoker looked embarrassed. "Why, the fact is," explained young Mrs. Hoker, "Claude hasn't quite finished it yet. He hasn't decided whether he will make one reel of it or a serial."

Mr. Hoker stroked at his downy and discouraged mustache and murmured that he hadn't yet decided.

Mr. Jarr Finds Refuge at Home, All Other Refuges Failing Him

Copyright, 1915, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

THE patois of the pictures perfectly. "It has the punch," but Claude doesn't want to send it anywhere. He's afraid the idea will be stolen."

Down at the office Johnson, the cashier, and Jenkins, the bookkeeper, were writing. But Fritz, the shipping clerk, and Willie, the office boy, were more trustful and confiding. Fritz and Willie brought their scenarios to Mr. Jarr and had offered him a liberal percentage if he could sell them.

Willie, the office boy, had a scenario that should have sold, because it was just like a hundred he had seen. It was about a moonshiner's daughter who saved and married the revenue officer. Besides, it was written in lead pencil on both sides of the paper.

Fritz, the shipping clerk, had written his with the marking brush on sheets of manila wrapping paper, two feet by three, with the "leaders," or "readers," very neatly done and each containing the name of a city, such as:

"A WEEK LATER. JACK GOES TO SOUTH BEND, IND."

Fritz had also sent, by express, his scenario everywhere. But recently he had grown suspicious, thinking his idea had been stolen and changed slightly because he had seen on the screen a reader: "A WEEK LATER. JACK GOES TO NEW YORK."

So finding that Mr. Claude Hoker had called to see him without having a scenario concealed upon his person, Mr. Jarr could have kissed him. Instead, he kissed Mrs. Hoker, who was much better looking.

So finding that Mr. Claude Hoker had called to see him without having a scenario concealed upon his person, Mr. Jarr could have kissed him. Instead, he kissed Mrs. Hoker, who was much better looking.

So finding that Mr. Claude Hoker had called to see him without having a scenario concealed upon his person, Mr. Jarr could have kissed him. Instead, he kissed Mrs. Hoker, who was much better looking.

So finding that Mr. Claude Hoker had called to see him without having a scenario concealed upon his person, Mr. Jarr could have kissed him. Instead, he kissed Mrs. Hoker, who was much better looking.

So finding that Mr. Claude Hoker had called to see him without having a scenario concealed upon his person, Mr. Jarr could have kissed him. Instead, he kissed Mrs. Hoker, who was much better looking.

So finding that Mr. Claude Hoker had called to see him without having a scenario concealed upon his person, Mr. Jarr could have kissed him. Instead, he kissed Mrs. Hoker, who was much better looking.

So finding that Mr. Claude Hoker had called to see him without having a scenario concealed upon his person, Mr. Jarr could have kissed him. Instead, he kissed Mrs. Hoker, who was much better looking.

So finding that Mr. Claude Hoker had called to see him without having a scenario concealed upon his person, Mr. Jarr could have kissed him. Instead, he kissed Mrs. Hoker, who was much better looking.

So finding that Mr. Claude Hoker had called to see him without having a scenario concealed upon his person, Mr. Jarr could have kissed him. Instead, he kissed Mrs. Hoker, who was much better looking.

So finding that Mr. Claude Hoker had called to see him without having a scenario concealed upon his person, Mr. Jarr could have kissed him. Instead, he kissed Mrs. Hoker, who was much better looking.

The Stories Of Stories

Plot of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1915, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

NO. 68—THE MAN AND THE SNAKE; by Ambrose Bierce

HARKER BRAYTON had come to San Francisco to visit his friend Dr. Druring, the scientist, one wing of whose big house was given over to a collection of live snakes kept for experimental uses.

Brayton sat in his bedroom at Dr. Druring's one night trying to read himself sleepy. The book he had chosen was a mediæval, pseudo-scientific volume whose absurd errors often made the reader laugh aloud. For instance, there was one idiotic statement that certain kinds of serpents can draw a victim to them by the malignant power of their eyes.

Brayton read this nonsensical claim, then amusedly raised his eyes from the book. His lazy glance travelled about the cosy bedroom, then suddenly halted in displaced surprise. He noticed something dark and indistinct lying in the shadows under one corner of the bed.

He looked closer and was able to make out the slim shape of a snake. Brayton did not like snakes, but neither did he have any conscious fear of them. This creature had doubtless gotten out of its cage in the wing of the house where Dr. Druring kept his slimy pets, and had found its way to this bedroom. Brayton got to his feet to find his host and tell him of the reptile's escape.

Meantime, half unconsciously, he had kept on looking at the snake. Its body was all but invisible in the shadows under the bed. But its eyes shone like tiny points of fire, and into those eyes the man was staring.

Brayton started to step backward toward the door. But to his amazement he found he had stepped forward instead of backward, and that he was thus a step nearer the snake.

This annoyed him and he tried again to step back. But the second step brought him still closer to the bed corner. And now he was aware of an almost overwhelming dread; a sense of utter helplessness. He could not tear away his gaze from the snake's.

He noted that the serpent's eyes were no longer mere pin-points of fire, but they seemed to pulsate, growing larger and larger, even more and more luminous and compelling. Their light seemed to fill the whole world. They mastered him and drew him forward.

Brayton fought against the weird spell as a drowning man might battle for his life. With all his strength and with all his will power he fought. Yet he could not turn his eyes away from that awful gaze nor save himself from moving forward, inch by inch, toward the monster. There were flecks of froth on the man's lips. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets. He struggled madly for freedom. Yet ever he crept forward, hypnotized.

All at once the floor sprang upward and smote him across the face, half stunning him. As he came to himself, he realized what had happened. His foot had caught in a rug; he had tripped, and had fallen with such violence that his nose was broken and his mouth cut against the hard wood of the floor.

But a wave of relief swept over him. The fall had removed his gaze from the snake's. The serpent's spell over him was broken. He was free, his own master once more.

He tried to rise. As he did so, he saw he had fallen with his head almost under the bed-edge, and less than a yard away from the snake. Instinctively he looked up. His glance met the serpent's. The snake's eyes no longer glowed with their former unearthly light. They were dull and glossy. The creature seemed so sure of its victory that it no longer needed to put forth its full supreme power to draw its victim to it.

The man could not remove his gaze, but he tried to wriggle backward out of danger. To his horror he found that each twist of his body brought him a little nearer to the motionless serpent.

Dr. Druring, chatting in his library, was startled by a death scream that echoed and re-echoed through the silent house. Upstairs he rushed, to Harker Brayton's room. There on the floor lay Brayton, face downward, his head and shoulders under the bed. Druring pulled the body out into the room and turned it over. The man was quite dead.

"Died in a fit!" mused the doctor. Then, as he chanced to notice the serpent coiled in the shadows, he fearlessly seized and dragged it to the light. It was a stuffed snake. Its eyes were two shoe buttons.

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett.

Copyright, 1915, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

"I was from an article I once read about Japanese art that I gained an idea which I occasionally apply with good effect to my 'showdowns,'" said an enterprising merchant.

"The Japanese, it seems, comprehend the enhanced value accruing from the display of but one example of a beautiful object. Instead of filling a large vase with a huge bouquet of blossoms, a Japanese will select just one beautiful bloom and place it by itself. Thus the observer's attention is not distracted by a superabundance of beauty, each flower bidding for attention, but is concentrated upon the single example visible."

"Next day I trimmed my window with white, muslin, artistically draped. This covered the floor and back and the folds were so arranged that they converged toward the center of the floor, thus directing the eye to this point. Here I placed one very handsome pair of women's brown shoes; the smallest size."

"The effect of this apparently daring waste of space was promptly apparent. Women stopped, looked, commented on the display and many of them entered the store."

"Since then I apply this idea at intervals of a few days. I do not recommend it for regular use. But its force lies in its novelty. But as an eye catcher and comment creator it is worth an occasional trial. But be sure of one point: that you have plenty of sizes in stock of the particular model you select for featuring so strongly."

The Woman Who Dared

By Dale Drummond

Copyright, 1915, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

CHAPTER XI.

THAT the world would censure me if I were seen often with a man not my husband, I knew. So, although occasionally Eric would beg me to lunch with him, I always refused; but instead would invite him to tea at the house with me. Haskell usually spent this hour at his club and we were reasonably safe from intrusion. But one afternoon just a few moments after Eric came, George Lattimore was announced.

I was tempted to say "not at home," but feared to do so on account of the servants.

"Well, this is cozy," was his remark as he came in. "Hope I'm not in the way."

"Not at all. May I give you some tea?" I replied.

George Lattimore was the exact opposite of Eric Lucknow in looks as well as in disposition and character. He was tall and slender and very blond, with almost perfect features. A handsome man in an effeminate sort of a way, but as cooed with wanted happiness—a chance to live something more than the mere doing of it was never appreciated.

I knew before I had married long that the feeling Haskell had for me in my heart had been the desire that some day he would have a woman which had brought a sorrow that would be dismissed when I realized it would never be fulfilled.

I wanted to believe that somehow, some way, it was for the best. But myself by repeating the old line: "He who tossed me down into the field."

He knows about it all. He knows He knows.

(To Be Continued.)